



Brian Hill
8-5-4

JUNIOR HIGH
EDITION

NOVEMBER 1958

EDITORIAL

Published monthly
by the students of
Queen Elizabeth High

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NO. II

WHY HAVE WE TWO EDITIONS?

Ever since the separation of our school paper the question, "Why have we two editions?" has been confronting many students, as well as teachers.

As in most cases, there are good reasons for this change in spite of the complications involved in the separation.

Many of the seniors have made it quite clear, that they have no interest whatsoever in the activities of the junior high students. This is quite understandable since the grade sevens and most of the grade eights have no interest in senior high activities. This cannot be said of the grade nines, though, because many of them can be found among the spectators at the High School football games.

The majority of the junior editors and reporters have felt that even good material submitted to the paper has been discarded by the senior editorial staff and that preference has been given to senior contributions.

By Carol Brownridge, 9-13

Senior high students, being older, have somewhat more mature ideas about the school paper. This is proven by the fact that they would prefer a more sophisticated, printed paper while the juniors are satisfied to go along with the mimeographed copy.

These are good and understandable reasons for the separation and if there weren't other things involved, it would probably be best for both junior and senior sections of the school to continue having 2 papers.

Now the question arises--has it been wise to divide the paper? The cost of production is greater, number of copies less and each paper must sell for the same price as the former, combined paper. Separate papers may lead to further division between Jr. and Sr. high sections. "Can there be a junior high school spirit and a senior high school spirit?" This cannot be answered until you, the junior student body, have decided whether you prefer separate papers or the combined editions.

STUDENT SUPPORT IS NEEDED

Support is something every school yearbook needs and ours has not got it. This is the impression that I got when I attended the first meeting for discussions on this term's "yearbook". This meeting was held on Mon. October 20, in Room 14. The turnout was disgraceful, with about 7 senior high students and only two junior high students and all were girls.

Since most of you students are concerned about school spirit, here is one way in which you can show it and that is by attending these yearbook meetings. The second meeting was held on October 27, in Room 14. The seniors made a good showing and outnumbered the junior considerably.

Carol Brownridge

SCIENCE FICTION PROBLEM

Is there any possible way of transporting some people from one planet to another which is 2,000 light years away outside of the three following suggestions?

1. Put a space ship, or other device which can transport the people, past the speed of light. (This would disprove Einstein's theory that nothing can be put past the speed of light.

2. Put some people in a space ship which would land 2,000 years or more later with the descendants of the first group.

3. Send a group of people who could live for 2,000 years.

If you can think of a reasonably possible answer we will print it. Give your answer to S. McCready, 9-13.

ICE CREAM IN THE LUNCHROOM

On Oct. 21, a new item was sold in the lunchroom. This could be a big step toward more nutritious meals in our school. Good quality of ice cream for 7¢ is sold by Sr. Y-Teen.

ORCHIDS AND ONIONS

ORCHIDS: To the Trumpeter reporters who are trying to produce a good paper.

ONIONS: To those students who are not buying our paper.

ORCHIDS: To students who are participating in house leagues.

ONIONS: To those Jr. High students who do not attend their meetings.

ORCHIDS: To girls who have bought school T-shirts and shorts.

ONIONS: To those girls who have not bought them.

ORCHIDS: To Room 9-23 & 9-13 for 100% subscriptions to both editions of the Trumpeter.

ONIONS: To students who do not obey school rules.

ORCHIDS: To those students and teachers who put on the Gr. 7 & 8 masquerade party.

ONIONS: To Gr. 7 & 8 students who did not attend.

ORCHIDS: To those who are helping new students to get adjusted to Q.E.

ONIONS: To those who ignore this responsibility.

ORCHIDS: To Student Council for having Gr. 9 party, Fri., Nov. 14.

ONIONS: To those pupils who spoil Queen's reputation by smoking in front of the school.

ORCHIDS: To those students who read this column.

ONIONS: To students who ignore this column.

PLANS FOR PARTY IN FULL SWING

The first grade nine party is scheduled for Friday, Nov. 14, in the gymnasium. Although still in the planning stage, it is quite certain that the tickets will be sold at the door and will cost 15¢.

Dance contest where prizes will be awarded, and different types of entertainment have been discussed but no definite decisions have been made in regards to the programme. Refreshments will be served during intermission. All Grade Nine students are urged to attend since a good time is guaranteed.

JUNIOR Y-TEEN INITIATIONS

*S. McCready,

The casual observer on Fri. the 24 found the halls of our fair school besieged. Miss McIntosh's Jr. Y-Teens, evidently, were conducting, in the usual bedlam-antic manner, their annual initiations.

The scene in front of the school was dominated by a group of female amateur plumbers jumping merrily up and down on plungers that might well have been pogo-sticks. The howls and screams of a second group bedecked in rather infantile dress (suggestive of that of babies), the efforts of a hillbilly band, and the yelpings and barking of suspiciously human-like dogs added to the usual noon hour clamor. Amid this madness, ragged beggars darted about collecting pennies for the poor (the Jr. Y-Teen). This effort gained them \$1.22.

LIBRARY NOTICE

*Sonja Nelson, 9-13

The Library Club holds a meeting every Mon. at 3:30. We are planning to have a candy sale in the very near future. However, this is not possible without a larger membership. Would all Librarians and any others interested, please attend meetings.

HOME AND SCHOOL MEETING

*Leslie Dunn, 9-13

On Tuesday, October 21, at 8:00 P.M., there was a meeting of the Queen Elizabeth Home and School Association. After a short business meeting, a member of each club in the Jr-Sr. High gave a brief talk explaining the purpose and activities of his club. The current events club held a discussion on the topic of "Segregation in the U. S." Two members of the table tennis club played a short game for a demonstration. The cheerleaders then led parents in a not-so-rousing cheer. After all club members had given the their talks, the parents held a panel discussion on extra-curricular activities in the school. The meeting was then adjourned and refreshments were served.

UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY

*Jim Johnson, 9-13

During the fourth period of Fri., October 24th, the Grade Nine's gathered in the gymnasium for a program concerning the United Nations. The assembly opened with the National Anthem, which was followed by a short history of the United Nations by John Freeman. We then saw a movie showing UNICEF's work in the Far East. Glenora Gamey, 10-18 sang "Rock of Ages", accompanied by Miss Cashore. The assembly closed with the National Anthem.

In support of UNICEF, children will be doing the rounds on Halloween eve collecting pennies instead of candy. This money will be used to help the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. Jeff Hirst, of 9-15, is in charge of this collection.

CHESS CLUB

Michael Ricketts

The Chess Club meets every Thur. noon in 9-17, Mr. Parry's Room, at 12:10 P. M. The president is Gerry Cragg and vice-president Paul Arnold. New Members are welcome to join.

QUEEN'S QUICK QUIZ CORNER

Join the 9 dots with 4 straight lines; not lifting the pencil from the paper.



1				4
2		5		
		3		

ACROSS

1. reporters desire
2. a book of maps
3. year (abbrev.)

DOWN

1. to move across ice
4. a football term
5. to lie down

BOYS' SPORTS

*Larry Elaschuk, 9-13

SOCCER - On Oct. 22, Queens Jr. High Seniors played Colonel Irvine on the north field. This game was a hard battle and with ten minutes overtime the game ended with no score. Mr. Hughes, the coach, stated this game to be one of our best.

Other games that were played by both our Juniors and Seniors were not reported because of the absence of our reporters.

The grade nine soccer has been going steady and the leaders of the rooms are 9-51, which is first, and 9-13 which is second. The grade eight and seven soccer is not quite finished and the winners are not known.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION - In P. E. the boys are just winding up the football season with the grading of their knowledge of football. The basketball season is just starting.

AUTUMN HARVEST

*Larry Elaschuk

Late fall when the leaves are turning and the ducks are going south, it is harvest time. The autumn morning starts out with a cold and brisk feeling in the air; with the sun still hiding the hills. After waking up you start the morning by wearily doing your chores and eating your breakfast. While you are hitching up your team the men are greasing and fixing the threshing machine and tractor for the busy day ahead. After the long and tiring drive to the field, the sun has finally showed his face and is begging to show signals of being a good day. You immediately begin to load the hay rack while the machine and graneries are hauled into position. After the rack is loaded up with bundles of beautiful wheat you haul it to the machine where it is spiked and pitched onto the platform to be conveyed into the machine. The straw is blown out into a golden pile while the grain forms into a mountain of kernels.

(CONTINUED)

These kernels are the glory of the farmers' work of the year. Soon wagon after wagon rolls in until it is time for lunch which is brought out onto the field. After a quick lunch the work is started again and the horses are hitched again for the last time of the day. Now the field is slowly being cleared as the sun glistens off the remaining stooks. Wagon after wagon load is brought in and row after row of stooks are disappearing as the sun slowly changes its position in the sky. Now the last loads are taken in while our rack goes to pick the last remaining stooks and to pick the few bundles scattered around the field. We then wearily haul the load to the machine while the other wagons are leaving the field. By the time the load is unloaded the sun has set in the hills and the day is just about over.

After the long ride home again you just have enough energy left to unhitch and unharness the team and eat your supper. Immediately you trudge upstairs, take off your clothes, get into bed and flop into a dead sleep. This is the end of an autumn harvest day.

PUZZLER

Bill smiled as his wife turned out her bag angrily. "You drag me here to buy expensive paving stones, and then you don't know what quantity you need," he said. "Can't you remember?"

"Of course not," Betty shook her head. "That's why I wrote it down. But I do know the paved area was to be exactly seven times some number." She paused. "Anyway it was some number of fifty. In square feet, that is."

Her husband said, "I'll tell you something. The bit of lawn is just twenty-three feet by twenty-nine, and that's more than half the whole area." Fatio to be square with stones around grass. What No. is forgotten? Answer next issue.

HOMEWORK?

Time: 6:30 Monday night.

I picked up my history book, and sat down at my desk. After opening up the book I realized that the light was not on. After a quick trip to the switch, I returned to my desk only to find I had dropped my eraser on the floor by the closet. I picked it up and settled down to work. I read the assigned pages but couldn't remember what to do next. "Well, Judy will know," I thought. So I trotted to the telephone and phoned her. After an interesting conversation which took 50 minutes, I returned to my room only to realize that I forgot to ask Judy about the assignment. "Oh well, I'll just leave it." So I got out my Language books and prepared to write the essay. Now what did I do with my pen? O. K. Now to work. My, but it's stuffy in here, I'd better open the window. Then back to the grind, but where's my Language book, I had it here a minute ago, Must have dropped it out the window. Yes, there it is. Well, out to the garden and then back to the essay. Boy! All this work is making me hungry. I think I'll get a snack.

Thirty minutes, four sandwiches, two bottles of pop, and five pieces of cake later, "There, that feels better. Well, I guess I'd better get back to the homework. Hey! that T. V. show looks interesting."

Sixty minutes later: My but time is flying, I better get back to work. Oh, but I'm sleepy. I just can't stay awake. Anyway, I've done enough homework for tonight, and I've worked hard so the teachers can't complain.

TIME: 11:30 P. M.

WORK ACCOMPLISHED: NOTHING

Lynne Stabback, 9-13

LUNCH TIME AT SCHOOL

On cold days or when there are sports games at noon, lunch is eaten at school. After or before the game, each student marches down to the lunchroom to start the noon-day meal. When all the friends are seated in their own private little groups, lunch is begun. First comes the opening of bags and boxes to reveal what has been sent for the overworked systems to digest. There are the usual gruesome complaints about what mothers have packed, and an exchange of sandwiches is quickly made. Comments are also in order telling how nice and red and squishy that tomatoe sandwich looks, while others are getting green around the gills thinking of such things.

Next comes the after-snack, usually consisting of cookies, cake, or pie, etc. While getting a drink of water, poor innocents are robbed of these delicacy which are quickly hidden in some other "supposedly" innocents lunch bag. However, they are soon rescued and devoured. Those which can't be eaten are passed along to the unfortunates whose snack didn't last long enough.

At length, the ordeal is over, and the diners have to find something to do. This creates a problem since you can't go up to your homeroom yet. You eventually become involved in games, provided no one is watching. Several trips are made outside to see if the non-playing friends have arrived. Finally, the bell rings and you make your way up to your room as another "hard-working" afternoon begins.

Anne Loney, 8-60

The man in the barber chair signalled with his finger, "Got another razor?" he whispered.

"Why?" asked Tony, the barber.

"I'd like to defend myself," said the customer.

Waterton Lakes National Park

In the extreme south-west corner of the province lies Waterton Lakes. This lovely park has a long rolling plain bounded by lakes and mountains. Lakes comprise a major part of the park.

Along the 3 or 4 mile road to the townsite, we pass the Lower Lake, Red Rock Canyon road and the creek that goes down the canyon, and the picturesque golf course set in the mountains. We likely will pass some deer grazing on the plains or foothills. As we round a turn, a great panorama, crowned by the Majestic Prince of Wales Hotel, greets us.

Below the hotel lies the townsite. It is on a peninsula, partially surrounded by the Upper Waterton Lake. There are many improved campsites along the lake shore, as well as the ordinary town with its motels and lodges. Here also is the beautiful Cameron Falls, the climax of Cameron Creek's short tumble down the mountain.

From a twisting paved road up in the mountain you will find Cameron Lake. This mountain lake resembles Lake Louise quite closely. A general store is to be found here, as well as developed campgrounds and kitchen shelter. Boats are also available for rent.

If you feel like walking, there is a lengthy trail roughly following the lake on the mountain-side. After covering about $3/4$ of the lake, a junction of trails is met. One trail points up the mountain to Carthew Lakes and over the hump to Waterton townsite, and the other points along the lake to the U. S.-Can. border. Along both trails beautiful scenery is to be found.

Sometimes moose are to be found standing in a trickle of water within 50 yards of the kitchen shelter. Deer and moose also come and congregate around the salt lick near the shelter. Once I saw a bear come out of the woods to investigate the garbage situation behind the shelter. One very surprised bear backed off when an adventurous camper tipped the near-empty can onto the bear! Chipmunks are of course very plentiful.

If you follow the winding, falling course of Cameron Creek, you will come out in the townsite where the creek has the climax of its brief career down the mountain-side in the shape of Cameron Falls. The creek then flows placidly into the upper Waterton Lake. The fishing is very good in the creek near Cameron Lake.

As the lakes are too cold for swimming, a little lake beside the road and near the Prince of Wales Hotel has been developed for swimming. Dressing rooms and a log chain marks off the deep water. On fairly warm days, the sand and water is quite comfortable. This lake is called Lake Linnet, and there is some fishing at the opposite end to the swimming part.

This park is one of the nicest in my estimation. It is easily accessible over paved roads from Lethbridge and Fort MacLeod. Any day can be a lovely and enjoyable one in Waterton Lakes National Park.

J. Johnson, 9-13.

"Shucks, Sunday School again," grumbled Willie, "I bet Pop never went to Sunday School when he was a kid."

"He went regularly," Mother said.

"O. K.," agreed Willie reluctantly "but I bet it won't do me no good either."

TEN HIGH SCHOOL COMMANDMENTS*****

1. Love thy teacher with all thine heart, even though thou detestest his shadow.
2. Thou shalt obey and uphold the rules and traditions of thy school, if it hath any, for this is the law, even from the beginning.
3. Thou shalt be attentive and look wise when thy teacher explaineth a problem, even though thou understandest not one word that he sayeth.
4. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbors pencil, nor his ruler, nor his eraser, neither shalt thou borrow his book without his permission, lest thou shouldst be suspected of thieving forever.
5. Never shalt thou be found guilty of snubbing thy school mate nor says that he is beneath thee, for perhaps he thinkest that thou art not so hot either.
6. Thou shalt always smile and be contented when thou art detained for another's wrong doing, even though it grindeth thy soul.
7. Thou shalt grin and look shameful when thy teacher exposeth thine ignorance, even though thou longest to cast a book in his general direction.
8. Always shalt thou have thy homework done, even though thou are forced to labor all night to complete it.
9. Thou must never whisper to thy neighbors, nor cause any undue commotion for this kindleth thy teacher's wrath against thee, and causeth him to speak to thee in a very harsh way, even to rise up and to smite thee.
10. Thou shalt not copy from thy n neighbor's test papers nor keep thine own notes beside thee, for this causeth thy teacher to fly off the handle and even descend down thy neck.

M. Mjolsness, 8-60

****Golf is a game where a little white pill is chased by a lot of golfers too old to chase anything else.****

CURRENT STYLES IN Q. E. CORRIDORS****

The majority of students in Queen have stopped dressing out-landishly and have swung heavily in favour of neat, conservative dress.

According to most teen-agers anything that were high style even last year are colder than Sunday's roast. Nobody who is anybody would be caught dead in those things.

Actually, you hardly ever see anything of the sloppy-joe sweater, droopy skirt, shirt-tails hanging out, run-down loafers and saggy socks of the girls.

In their place are straight slim skirts or reversible skirts, worn with either tailored blouses or crew-neck sweaters. Also worn are the one-piece jumper worn over neatly ironed blouses. With these clothes are worn smartly fashioned suede shoes worn with either nylons or carefully turned down ankle socks.

Catching on fast with the girls are the stretchy ballet tights that fit from toe to waist and come in a variety of colors.

The boys are just as tidy as the girls in their sun tan or corduroy trousers, cotton shirts or crew neck sweaters and suede shoes.

The girls are wearing their hair longer and occasionally in pony-tails and look more like girls. The boys are wearing their hair shorter, next thing to a crew cut. In other words the ducktails are going out and almost gone among both boys and girls.

Donna Dunbeck, 8-60

LOST AND FOUND

The lost and found is an asset to any school and I think that the students in Queens don't take enough advantage of it. You have just lost something. Ask lost and found! Make USE of this service!

COLLECTING FEVERS

At various times in their lives people get collecting fevers. Whether it be stamps, coins, birds, eggs, matchcovers, etc., it usually doesn't last long. People who think they have stumbled on a White-eyed Pheasants' egg, go blabbering it all over the place and then find out it's a duck egg, find themselves in embarrassing situations. Such questions as: "Did the Director of the London Museum buy your egg?" "How much did he pay you?" are difficult to answer. Likewise the person who thinks he has found a stamp that was printed in 1874 only once and then finds out it is a cigarette tax stamp is usually found to be quite red in the face, standing beside an incinerator throwing his stamps into the fire mumbling incoherently, "Never again, never again."

When the person starts to collect items expecting to find something unusual within a couple of days and then doesn't, his spirits become rather dampened and he usually quits. This is also true of the person whose wallet goes flat and finds himself borrowing on his allowance 2 months in advance.

Occasionally, there is the do-or-die, true-blue individual who goes all out to complete something he has started. This person will most probably succeed, but alas, these individuals are few and far between. If a person does find some form of collecting he enjoys, if he goes about it the right way, he may get many years of interesting and perhaps rewarding work.

Clive Rose, 9-13

A man from the far East was watching a Western football game. After a bitter struggle, and a lot of players hurt, he commented politely. "Wouldn't it be simpler if they gave each team a ball to play with?"

PARTICULAR PROBLEM

Mrs. Allision had a problem and this particular problem was sitting on the steps this very minute. The problem as you may have guessed was a teenager of the female sex. "Deda" sat on the step, in blue jeans, her young face clouded with trouble. "A few minutes makes such a difference," she thought sadly. Only a few minutes ago she had answered the phone. It had been David asking her to a party. She had without thinking said she would go. NO! it was not without thought he wanted to go very much. Only, suddenly, on the second she put down the phone, she had changed her mood.

"Oh, I'M a mess!"

"I'M too fat!"

"My hair's awful."

"Oh mumay, I'll just die if I have to go, I know I will."

"Deda, please come out of it and stop being so stupid."

The days passed and still Deda was dreadfully difficult to get along with. She was given to moods, teary sessions, joyous abandon, and the old standby, the sulks. Deda begged her mother, "Do I have to go with David? I could say I'm sick."

"Deda, I'm ashamed of you. Doing that would be unkind. You'll spoil David's evening. You know it's hard to dance by yourself."

"But Mum, if I go I won't be any fun. After all it's my first date. I won't know how to act."

"Oh, Deda," her mother began in an exasperated tone. Deda waited for no more. She ran for her room. There in the quiet seclusion, she sank to the bed; she felt awful. Not sick, but awful. Her mother was right but...Deda's cuckoo clock struck nine, by the third "cuckoo" Deda was covering her head with the pillows. Even that awful cuckoo clock is trying to annoy me," she thought miserably. She went to bed and cried herself to sleep. Next morning she awoke with a sore throat.

PARTICULAR PROBLEM (CONTINUED)

by Kim Fellows, 9-15

Deda's mother came to get her up, felt her head and flushed cheeks and told her to stay in bed. Later she came upstairs,

"Deda," she said, "Do you know what is the matter with you?"

Her daughter shook her head, but didn't answer so Mrs. Allision went on.

"I do. Because you don't want to go to the party with David, you've given yourself a pain in the neck." Deda looked unconvinced. "Yes," repeated her mother, "you've given yourself a pain in the neck. Now think that over."

Deda just lay there with a great feeling of relief. If she could stay sick...but the truth was she felt guilty because her mother was right. Just as she came to this conclusion the phone rang; her mother called up the stairs. It was for Deda. She took the call on her phone.

"Yes, Hello David."

"Deda, I heard you were sick and was wondering if you could still go to the party?" the words came in a rush, but still David rattled on, "If you don't go, I won't."

Deda was silent, here was her chance to say, No. Suddenly Deda knew what to do. Why hadn't she realized it before. David was just as scared as she was. She was his first real date, and how stupid she had been.

"Deda, are you still there?"

"Yes, David I'd be glad to go with you, don't worry. I'll stop giving myself a pain in the neck."

"A what!"

"Skip it, see you at 7:30."

Deda's mother came in, saw Deda's face and knew she made the right decision.

THE COMEBACK

It was a lovely crisp midwinter afternoon when Rolly got out of school. He had a busy evening in store, judging by the number of books he was carrying. This was not too unusual as he enjoyed school.

"Hey, Rolls," a classmate called, "are you going to work tonight?"

Rolly smiled, and yelled back, "You bet. We've got a big test tomorrow." Just then his friend who lived next to next door, accosted him.

"Boy," Bugs enthused, "Did you hear about the show at the Royal tonight? Man, they say it's the greatest yet. It starts at six. Do you want to come?"

"I don't know," began Rolly, "I'd better see what moth...."

"Aw, come on, Rolls. You just have to come. Tut, Tut, now. No arguments accepted," Bugs said as Rolly started to object. "I'll pick you up at 5:30. So long for now."

So Rolly went to the show. He didn't really enjoy it, though. He kept seeing his unopened books sitting on his desk. He also kept hearing the teacher's voice telling the class its marks with Rolly's always far down the list. The evening was torture. Rolly finally left at 11:30; glum and inwardly angry at himself.

The next morning, he did poorly on the exam. It was the show that had done it he knew. But this Rolly was a different transformed Rolly Tennant. He hid behind a mask when the results came. His words were tough. His attitude was tough. "I don't care. Who cares about a measly little exam? Teacher doesn't teach the material. Who cares?" But underneath all this bravado, Rolly was quaking.

THE COMEB' CK (CONTINUED)

One soft, searching word would have changed this blustery teen-ager into a sobbing, sorry child.. But no soft words were forthcoming. Rolly remained tough, all the time trying to convince himself that he was tough.

This evil attitude had a hold on Rolly's mind now. Little by little, this evil germ multiplied and grew, getting a firmer hold all the time. He wasn't the Rolly of old. He dropped out from the regular school gang and went around with rough, older boys. Rolly forgot about school-work. His above-average marks skyrocketed down. His old school attitude of responsibilities to work, and teachers left him. He, Rolly Tennant, had taken a very decided turn for the worse.

This attitude carried on for weeks, stretching into April. The teachers began to talk about the Departmentals for Grade Nine. Rolly dozed and paid no attention.

During this time, his parents became increasingly worried. All their hopes could be dashed if something was not done to correct Rolly's lapse. Rolly continued "doing the town". He was having a grand time. But his conscience was still alive and fighting. One night, after a joy-ride around the town, his mother caught him in one of his moods when his conscience made itself known. Her soft voice lulled him to sleep that night, but it gave his conscience new energy. Rolly pretended otherwise, but he was thinking.

A few days later, a similar situation presented itself. "I'd like to speak to you for a minute, Rolly," his mother said.

"Aw, what for?" he complained.

"Rolly," his mother began, ignoring his simulated yawn. "I'm worried about your marks. We both know that you can do better, much better."

"Don't you care a bit for anyone but yourself? Oh, everybody knows you are just pretending. You owe it to yourself to do well on the Finals. Now, how about it? How about an effort?"

A muffled voice drifted out from under the covers. "Okay, okay. Now leave me alone will you?"

"All right, Rolly. I know you won't regret it. We'll start tomorrow. Good-night."

"Ha!"

The next morning, Rolly's mother started the day by telling Rolly there was to be no cavorting after school. Rolly then realized what he had let himself in for. He put up a great half-hearted fight, but he left for school with a lighter feeling inside. He didn't think too much of it, but already his masquerade was slipping away.

After school, his mother button-holed him and they sat down to work. A friend came over with his notes, and Rolly started the year again. At school, his teachers also got in into the act, and worked with Mrs. Tennant and Rolly to help him catch up.

One day, the teacher gave the class a surprise exam. Sighs and groans spread among the students, but Rolly felt fairly secure. The paper was tough, but Rolly knew what he was doing.

That night he went to a show, but this time was different. No fleeting visions of undone work bothered him. No teacher repeated his mark far down the list. His conscience was justifiably clear.

Friday. Test results. "No. 4-Sandy Williams. No. 5-Mike Depner. No. 6-Rolly Ten....." That was all Rolly needed to know. He knew he would make the Departmentals!

J. Johnson, 9-13

TELEVISION

TEEN TALENT (?)

Well, sometimes I wonder, The teen shows would be very good, if it was not for Cold Claude Halpin. It would help if he knew his lines, but on the other hand, Roddin' Ron Nystrom isn't too sure what is going on half the time either. Have you ever watched him conduct an interview? You will see the poor teenager doesn't get a chance to say a word. What kind of an interesting program it is when one person does all the talking and not too efficiently at that. I wouldn't advise any not-so-hep-cat to watch his show, because he'll become more and more confused, and pretty soon he'll begin banging his head against the wall, and in a short while, he'll look like me. However, with Blue Ribbon Barry on Pick the Hits, it can really get daft, although sometimes good disks are played and once in 30 the panel will predict something correctly.

OTHER LOCAL SHOWS

Heh, Heh.....I'm still chortling over Bart and the Kids aired on T.V. Week. Otherwise, Bart does a very good job on other shows, such as "Let's Play Charades." NEW, WEATHER, AND SPORTS can be given a pat on the back because they have got all the other local productions outclassed. I really get a kick out of Ed Whalen cutting down the "Clinker" in great protest by the Herald's Gorde Hunter. As for Bob Charman's hosting...Well..

FROM THE STATES

I wish we could change from CBC TO CBS AND/OR NBC AND ABC NETWORKS. If I had the chance, I would stuff FOLIO, G.M. PRESENTS, COUNTRY HOEDOWN, RHAPSODY, SHOWTIME, WHISTLE TOWN, PLOUFFE FA ILY, AND MUGGIE MAGGINS, to mention a very few, down the CBC's intellectual throats. IF there was any room left, in would go MILTON BERLE and a very few other A erican shows.

(CONT)

TRICKS OR TREATS

.....Desilu's extravaganza was extremely extravaganza-like..... "Onions" to the Plouffe Family and Zorro...Dragnet still rates high with me...Smiley Sullivan and Perry Como have the top varieties...Front Page Challenge is tops Canadian-Wise ...Weren't Wayne and Shuster terrific on their Last outing...The Westerns are choking on their own Gunsmoke, as they fade into the sunset for this year...I prefer Great Movies to N.H.L. Hockey.

I CLOSE

NOW FADES THE PICTURE FROM MY SET,
MY SWOLLEN EYES ARE RED.
WHAT DOTTH THOU SAY, MOTHER DEAR?
MITCH!!!GET OFF TO BED!!!

Mitch McCormick, 8-60

WEATHER

The weather is always with us and so is a perenial subject for man to discuss. Farmers discuss or cuss it on all occasions. It is used for an "ice Breaker" for many conversations. Both the experts and the amateurs have a continual "field day" predicting its latest whims; and nowhere in the world is there a wider scope for predictions than in Alberta for we have the most changeable weather here in the world. The experts said this morning it would snow but nature turned on her charms and we had sunshine. Even at her worst she seldom leaves us for long without sunshine. Albertans have been known for their vigor; for this we can also thank our changeable weather. Well, good or bad, sunshine or rain, snow or heat, it's one thing man cannot destroy. It not only provides for our bodily needs but our conversational ones as well.

M. Longbotham, 9-13

****CALGARY****

Out in the west, where the sun reigns supreme,
Nestled in the valley, is CALGARY our dream;
The big Elbow River, its beauty aglow,
From mountains past CALGARY so gently does flow.
Farm lands and timber and oilwells too,
Makes CALGARY a home for families anew.

For good people like you who want a home in the west,
CALGARY is your dream; I know we think it is best.
We help each other, in sorrows or woes;
In this way of living our bondage grows.

To keep it this way, it is up to everyone.
Without your co-operation it cannot be done.
Let's keep it in mind each night and each day;
CALGARY our dream, will then always stay.

Marilyn Mjolsness, 8-60

****A NIGHT WITH HOMEWORK****

Our homework chores never can get done
When we just sit and wish there were none.
So finally, we decide to start
And find our ideas begin to depart.
We open our books and get out a pen.
Then look at Math questions nine and ten.
While question nine takes little skill
Question ten makes you feel ill.
With this subject finally beat,
Social problems we go on to meet.
We study speeches famous men deliver
And also country, town and river.
Next comes language with verb and noun
Then on to science with a frown.
We learn about cattle and also grain,
And find why farmers hope for rain.
In literature we read our stories
Of fun, fantasy, and great men's glories.
We close our books and feel relieved
For all the things we have achieved.

Roberta Rodman, 9-13

